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**JULY**  
**NO. 65**  
**10¢**

CRIME

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JULY 21 P.M.

**DOES NOT PAY**

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRD AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**ALL TRUE**  
CRIME  
STORIES

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE  
WIDEST RANGE OF APPEAL

OPEN UP,  
FRITZ—IT'S US!  
WE GOT A GOOD  
PROPOSITION  
FOR YA!

I SEE  
THE DIRTY  
STOOLIE! HAN  
ME A BOO!

HAPPY  
IS WATCHIN'  
THE ROOF—JUST  
IN CASE HE TRIES  
TO BEAT IT DOWN  
THE FIRE  
ESCAPE!

I TOLD  
YA HE WAS  
IN THERE! I  
HEARD  
HIM!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THEY CALLED HIM

"HAPPY" MAIONE

BECAUSE HE NEVER SMILED!

THIS COLD-BLOODED KILLER FROM BROOKLYN  
WANTED TO BE BIG-TIME!



THAT'S A NICE-SIZED CHECK Y'GIVE  
US TO RUB OUT RIP MORGAN, GOLDIE!  
FUNNY—HE DIDN'T GIVE US NEAR  
AS MUCH FOR KILLIN' YOU—  
BUT IT WAS ALL CASH! YA  
CAN'T BLAME US FOR  
NOT TRUSTIN' YA!

I TRAIN A LOT  
OF MURDERERS IN MY  
ROUTINE! I TEMPT THEM  
WITH A DIFFERENT BAIT—  
SOME WITH HATRED,  
FRUSTRATION, LOVE, OR  
THE VAIN DESIRE TO BE  
CALLED A TOUGH GUY!  
THESE ARE EASY PITFALLS  
FOR ANY MUG! BUT IT IS  
ONLY ONCE IN A RARE  
WHILE THAT A GUY LIKE  
HARRY "HAPPY" MAIONE COMES  
ALONG—A KILLER—MEAN AND  
VICIOUS! HE KILLED FOR ONE  
PURPOSE—THE DOLLAR SIGN!  
"HAPPY" SOLD HIS MURDERS  
ON THE OPEN MARKET! HE  
WAS A DEPRAVED ANIMAL—  
AS COLD AND CALLOUS AS  
ANY KILLER I'VE EVER  
HANDLED! HEH, HEH, YES,  
HE WAS A RARE ONE—  
AND I MILKED HIS  
KILLING INSTINCT  
DRY!

CRIM

IN  
CONSIDERATION  
OF INNOCENT  
PEOPLE INVOLVED  
AND RELATIVES OF  
OTHERS, THE NAMES  
OF SOME CHARACTERS  
DEPICTED IN THIS  
TRUE MAGAZINE  
ARE FICTITIOUS.  
The editors



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY

I FIRST HOOKED UP WITH "HAPPY" BACK IN 1930—YES, THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN MANY OF MY PRIZE PUPILS WERE STILL RIDING ON THE CREST OF THE PROHIBITION TIDE—IN THOSE TIMES, THERE WERE LOTS OF YOUNG SUCKERS WAITING TO TAKE MY HAND!



JUST WATCH YOUR TONGUE, THAT'S ALL! SO MUCH FOR THAT—NOW ABOUT THAT GAS STATION GUY—LET'S NAIL HIM BEFORE HE MAKES THAT DEPOSIT!



A TWENTY-DOLLAR BILL! THESE GUYS MUST BE IN THE RIGHT RACKET!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THAT CASH REGISTER?



HEY, DASHER, GET A LOAD OF THIS GUY, LEPKE—HE'S GOT THIS TOWN IN HIS MITT! THAT'S THE KIND OF GUY I WOULD BE, IF I HAD THE RIGHT KIND OF COOPERATION FROM YOU MUGS!



AW, "HAPPY," WHY DON'TCHA STOP DREAMIN'? WE'RE JUST SMALL-TIME PUNKS LOOKIN' FOR AN EASY BUCK! LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY—IT'S A LOT SAFER!



WHO'S A SMALL-TIME PUNK? SPEAK FOR YOURSELF—IF YOU MAKE ANOTHER CRACK LIKE THAT, I'LL SLIT YOUR GIZZARD! YOU JUST TAKE ORDERS AND KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT—SAVVY?



Y..YEAH, S..SURE, "HAPPY"—I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHIN' BY IT!



OKAY, HAP—WE'RE READY! THAT GAS STATION WILL BE AN EASY APPLE TO PLUCK! WHO'S GONNA DRIVE?



I'M DRIVIN'—C'MON, THE CAR'S READY!



FILL 'ER UP!



CHECK YOUR OIL AN' WATER?



WE'RE GONNA USE YOUR PHONE—ALL RIGHT?



I'M ASKIN' THE QUESTIONS: IS THIS ALL THE DOUGH YOU GOT IN THE JOINT? WHERE YA HIDIN' THE BIG CASH?



I..I..I'M NOT HIDIN' ANY—THAT'S ALL THERE IS—HONEST! OOOH...



SHUT UP, YA SQUARE! C'MON, LET'S SEARCH THE DUMP!



SIXTY... SEVENTY... EIGHTY BUCKS!! EVEN AFTER WE TORE THE JOINT APART, IT WASN'T WORTH OUR SWEAT!



SO WE'RE GONNA BE LIKE LEPKE, EH? HA, HA, HA!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



SHUT UP, OR I'LL SHOVE THIS FIST DOWN YOUR BIG MOUTH! I SAID THIS RACKET STINKS! THAT'S WHY WE'RE THROUGH WITH THESE CHICKEN-FEED STICK-UPS! NO MORE SMALL CHANGE-FROM NOW ON, WE'RE GONNA MAKE NOTHIN' BUT BIG DOUGH! I'M STARTIN' RIGHT NOW TO FIND A GOOD TERRITORY!

TALK IS CHEAP—EVERY TIME A NEW GANG GETS ORGANIZED, THEY START GETTIN' THEMSELVES KNOCKED OFF! YOU'D BE CUTTIN' IN ON SOMEBODY'S TERRITORY, LIKE THE MORGAN AND BEARDSLY GANGS!

SO WHAT? THAT DON'T BOTHER ME! THEY'RE TOO BUSY KNOCKIN' EACH OTHER OFF! SOME DAY, ONE OF 'EM'S GONNA COME OUT ON TOP—AN' THE ONE THAT DOES, OH, BROTHER, IS HE GONNA BE SITTIN' PRETTY!

BOY—I'LL BET THEY'D BOTH PLENTY TO BE SURE THEY'RE THE ONE!



COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY WOULDN'T THEY? HEY, YA STUPID GOON, YA JUST SAID SOMETHING SMART! YOU GAVE ME AN IDEA!

I'M FULL OF BRIGHT IDEAS, BUT YOU NEVER GIVE ME A CHANCE TO TALK!



THAT'S BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN TO STOP! I'M GOING OVER TO RED HOOK NOW TO RIP MORGAN'S POOL ROOM!

WAIT, HAPPY—AIN'TCHA GONNA TELL US THE ANGLES?

RED HOOK? YA BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, HAP! THAT'S A ROUGH SECTION!

HELLO—WHICH ONE OF YOU IS RIP MORGAN? I HEARD YOU WAS HAVIN' A FRIENDLY GAME! HAVE YA GOT ROOM FOR ONE MORE?

WHO LET YOU IN? WHO IS THIS GOON? TELL 'M I DON'T PLAY WITH STRANGERS!

I KNOW THE GUY, RIP—JUST A MUG FROM AROUND ATLANTIC AVENUE! HE'S OKAY, I GUESS!



THANKS—I HOPE THE STAKES DON'T CHOKER ME! I JUST CAME OVER TO BE SOCABLE! I DON'T LIKE GOLDIE BEARDSLY! "HAPPY" MAIONE IS THE NAME, RIP!

IF YOU'RE NURSIN' A GRUDGE AGAINST GOLDIE, WE'LL MAKE THE STAKES SUIT YOU! NOW I FEEL MORE SOCABLE—A BUCK AND TWO OKAY!

HEH, HEH! HE WAS A CUTIE AT POKER, WITH THAT DEAD-PAN OF HIS! HE SURE IMPRESSED RIP!

WELL, HAPPY, YOU MADE A BIG DENT WITH A SMALL LIMIT! YOU'RE OKAY—STICK AROUND FOR A DRINK, WHAT SAY?

OKAY, BUT LET'S HAVE IT SOMEWHERE ELSE—THIS PLACE IS TOO SMOKY—I ALWAYS WANTED TO GET TO KNOW YOU! I THINK WE CAN DO EACH OTHER A LOT OF GOOD!



CRIM



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NICE WORK, 'HAPPY'! YOU DID A GOOD, CLEAN JOB! THE COPS COULDN'T PIN A THING ON ANY OF MY BOYS—AND GOLDIE'S PULLIN' HIS HAIR OUT! FROM NOW ON, I'M RAISIN' YOUR PAY TO 700 HUNDRED BUCKS PER STIFF—HOW'S THAT?

AM I COMPLAININ'? JUST SAY THE WORD—I'LL DRILL 'EM AS FAST AS YOU CAN—PUT THE FINGER ON 'EM!



RIP PUT THE FINGER ON ABOUT ONE GORILLA A MONTH, BUT 'HAPPY' HERE HAD BIGGER IDEAS!

NOW THAT WE GOT ACCUSTOMED TO A HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVIN', RIP AIN'T GIVIN' US ENOUGH BUSINESS TO MAKE IT WORTH OUR WHILE! THE WAY I FIGURE, NOBODY KNOWS WE'RE TIED UP WITH HIM, SO IT WOULDN'T BE HARD FOR US TO DO SOME FREE-LANCING!

YEAH, BUT WHO ELSE DO YOU KNOW THAT'S HAVIN' A GANG FELD, BESIDES MORGAN?



JUST ONE OTHER BIG BOY—GOLDIE BEARDSLY! HE'S BEEN ACHIN' TO GET BACK AT RIP FOR THE JOBS WE'RE PULLIN' ON HIS BOYS!

Y'MEAN Y' WANNA BURN BOTH ENDS O' THE CANDLE? BUT THAT'S DYNAMITE! IF EITHER ONE OF 'EM FOUND OUT—OH, BROTHER!



BUT THEY'RE NOT GONNA FIND OUT! RIP'S IN RED HOOK—GOLDIE'S IN BROWNSVILLE! NEITHER GANG DARES SNOOP IN THE OTHER'S NEIGHBORHOOD, OR THEY'D BE PLUGGED ON SIGHT! I'M A STRANGER IN GOLDIE'S NECK OF THE WOODS! I'LL GIVE HIM THE SAME LINE OF BULL I GAVE TO MORGAN—GET THE IDEA?

WHY CAN'T WE WORK IT? WE'LL HAVE MORE BUSINESS THAN WE CAN HANDLE—OH, BOY!

IT'S A STROKE OF GENIUS, IF WE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT!



HA! COULD HE DO IT? IN NO TIME AT ALL, MY BOY 'HAPPY' HAD GOLDIE BELIEVING HIS SOLE PURPOSE IN LIFE WAS TO CHOP DOWN MORGAN'S GORILLAS! GOLDIE ATE IT UP—HE WAS ITCHING FOR REVENGE!

'HAPPY,' YOU GOT A DEAL! I'LL PAY YOU 800 SIMOLEONS FOR EVERY DEAD MORGAN MAN, AND THE SKY'S THE LIMIT! EVEN IF YA GET TEN 'EM A DAY, WON'T MOLLER!

OKAY, GOLDIE, YOU CAN GO OUT RIGHT NOW AN' BUY YOURSELF AN ADDIN' MACHINE! YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT, WHEN I GET STARTED!



WHO'S IT GONNA BE TONIGHT—A MORGAN, OR A BEARDSLY?

WHAT'S THE DIFF? THEY'RE BOTH GOOD CUSTOMERS!

HERE'S A SOUVENIR FROM RIP MORGAN!

'WITH LOVE' FROM GOLDIE BEARDSLY!

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



LISTEN, 'HAPPY'—SOMEHOW, GOLDIE'S GANG HAS COME TO LIFE—THEY'RE KNOCKIN' OFF MY BOYS LIKE FLIES! I GOT ONLY ONE OUT—YOU'VE GOT TO GET THE KINGPINS—GOLDIE AND HIS BROTHER, MIKE! WITH THEM OUTTA THE WAY, HIS GANG'LL FOLD UP LIKE AN ACCORDIAN! I'LL GIVE YOU TWO G'S FOR THE JOB!



THAT'S A DEAL! BUT THOSE BOYS ARE TOUGH TO NAIL! THEY KEEP HOLED UP, AND WHEN THEY DO COME OUT, THEY'VE ALWAYS GOT AN ARMY OF BODYGUARDS! BUT DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET 'EM! YOU AIN'T IN NO HURRY!

WELL, YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN THE ONE VITO MEANS, TODAY! WE WERE OUT AFTER A BEARDSLY MAN, AN' THIS GUY GETS HIM WITH A KNIFE—A KNIFE, MIND YA, FROM A MOVIN' CAR! HE'S TERRIFIC! WHAT'S HIS NAME AGAIN—VINSON! YEAH, BENNY VINSON!

WHAT?? BENNY VINSON!!



HA! HA, HA! THAT'S RICH—HERE WE ARE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH, WHILE RIP AN' GOLDIE ARE WORRYIN' THEMSELVES SICK—AN' EACH WANTIN' THE OTHER KNOCKED OFF! HA, HA, HA!

YEAH—CAN YOU IMAGINE ME KNOCKIN' EITHER OFF, AN' KILLIN' THIS RACKET? HA—HEY VITO, HOW'S OUR GANG SHAPIN' UP?



WELL, Y'KNOW, WE BEEN KINDA BUSY, SO WE TOOK ON A COUPLE O' NEW GUYS TO HANDLE THE EXTRA WORK—BUT THEY'RE STILL KINDA GREEN—EXCEPT FOR ONE!



WHY, YOU STUPID, FAT-HEADED SQUIRTS—WHO TOOK HIM ON? WHERE'D YA MEET HIM? ANSWER ME!!

WH...WHAT'S A MATTER, BOSS? HE WAS RECOMMENDED TO US—FIRST HAND! HE'S A GOOD MAN—WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM?



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? NOTHING—ONLY, HE'S ONE OF GOLDIE BEARDSLY'S RIGHT-HAND MEN—THAT'S WHAT! HE'S A STOOGLIE—A PLANT! GOLDIE MUST BE WISE—WHERE'S BENNY NOW, YOU STUPID, FAT SLOB?

WH...WHY, HE WENT HOME AFTER HE FINISHED HIS JOB! I DIDN'T KNOW, BOSS—HONEST! I...I'LL GET HIM—I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YA—NO FOOLIN'! I'LL CUT HIS TONGUE OUT, BEFORE HE CAN TALK TO GOLDIE!



OKAY—LET'S GO! WE'RE GOIN' DOWN TO BROWNSVILLE, AN' YOU BETTER HOPE WE GET THERE BEFORE BENNY SEES GOLDIE! OR I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT HE WAS GONNA GET!



HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO TIP OFF GOLDIE! HIS BOYS MAY BE OUT GUNNIN' FOR US RIGHT NOW!

HE'S HOME—I HEAR SOMEBODY MOVING AROUND IN THERE!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



HELLO BENNY WE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU—IT'S GOTTA BE DONE RIGHT AWAY!

S. SURE, VITO—I'LL GET MY COAT—JUST A SEC!



I...I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D NEED ME SO SOON AGAIN—HEY! WHERE WE GOIN'?

JUST INTO THIS ALLEY, BENNY—THIS TIME WE'RE WORKIN' ON YOU!



YOU WERE WITH MY GANG WHEN THEY PULLED A JOB FOR MORGAN! YOU'RE A NEW MAN WITH GOLDIE! HE DIDN'T THINK Y'D KNOW YOU—SO HE PLANTS YOU IN MY MOB TO SNOOP, BUT I HEARD OF YOU THERE IN BROWNSVILLE!

N..NO!! YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG! I AIN'T SEEN GOLDIE IN WEEKS! HE FIRED ME—HONEST! I'M NO STOOL!



OH, YEAH? THEN HOW COME I SAW YOU LEAVE GOLDIE'S HANGOUT ONLY AN HOUR AGO?

Y. YOU'RE NUTS! I AIN'T SEEN HIM SINCE FIVE O'CLOCK! N..NO!! I MEAN...I...

HA, YA RAT—SO YOU DID SEE HIM THIS AFTERNOON, AN' SPILLED THE BEANS, EH? BENNY, YOU JUST SIGNED YOUR OWN DEATH WARRANT!



N..NO! NO!! I DIDN'T MEAN THAT! IT WAS A SLIP OF THE TONGUE! I DIDN'T... AAAAIEEE!!

NICE WORK, VITO—THAT TONGUE WON'T EVER SLIP AGAIN! C'MON, WE'VE GOTTA GET OVER TO SEE OUR CLIENT, RIP, BUT PRONTO!



LOOK, RIP, DOES THAT OFFER FOR TWO G'S TO KNOCK OFF GOLDIE AND HIS BROTHER STILL STAND? I THINK I FOUND A WAY TO GET THROUGH THEIR BODY-GUARDS!

GREAT—SURE, IT STILL STANDS—WITH A BONUS BESIDES! MY SLOT MACHINE SET-UP IS SPREADIN' ALL OVER THE STATE, AN' THOSE GUYS ARE THE BIGGEST THORN IN MY SIDE—GO TO IT, 'HAPPY'!



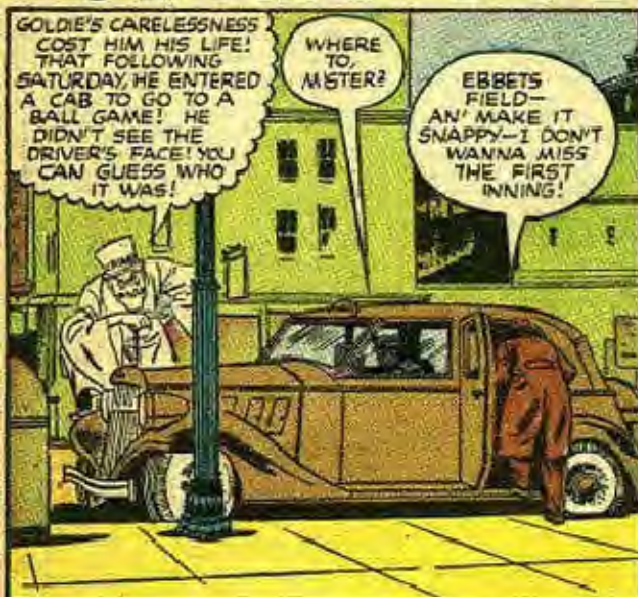
HEH, HEH, PRETTY QUICK THINKING, 'HAPPY'! JUST WHEN YOUR RACKET IS ABOUT TO BACK-FIRE, YOU TAKE THE QUICKEST WAY TO SAVE YOUR NECK, AND GET PAID FOR IT AS WELL! MIKE BEARDSLY WAS A SET-UP! HE WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO COME WALKING OUT OF A DANCE HALL UPTECTED!

THERE HE IS, GUYS! LET 'IM HAVE IT!

HA, HA, HA! SWEET DREAMS, MIKE! DO BAD YOU CAN'T TELL YOUR BROTHER, GOLDIE, WE'LL BE SEEN HIM SOON!



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



WHERE TO, MASTER?

EBBETS FIELD— AN' MAKE IT SNAPPY—I DON'T WANNA MISS THE FIRST INNING!





# CRIME DOES NOT PAY



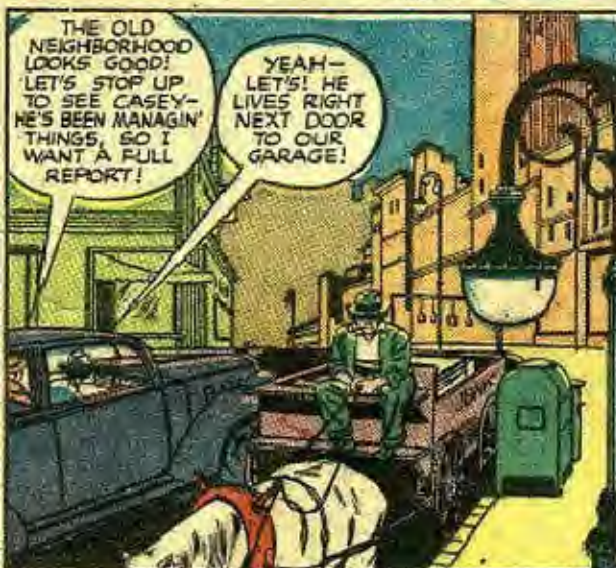
I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, DASHER! EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE YOU COME UP WITH A SENSIBLE IDEA! THIS GYP BOX WILL KEEP THIS GUY'S BODY ON THE BOTTOM TILL HE MATCHES FISH!

SINCE WHEN ARE WE GETTIN' SO CAREFUL ABOUT LEAVIN' CORPSES AROUND?



WELL, GUYS, ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER BUCK! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO BROOKLYN! I HOPE I DID THE RIGHT THING, LEAVIN' CASEY IN CHARGE!

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT—WE GOTTA CHECK UP ON THE GANG, BUT I'M SURE EVERYTHING'S GOIN' OKAY!



THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD LOOKS GOOD! LET'S STOP UP TO SEE CASEY—HE'S BEEN MANAGIN' THINGS, SO I WANT A FULL REPORT!

YEAH—LET'S! HE LIVES RIGHT NEXT DOOR TO OUR GARAGE!



HIYA, "HAPPY"—IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CAME BACK—THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF HEAT ON—THE COPPERS FOUND STAGG'S BODY IN THAT LAKE UP-STATE, AND THEY HAVE A HUNCH WE'RE LINKED UP WITH IT!

THAT DON'T SOUND TOO GOOD, CASEY! WE GOTTA COOK UP SOMETHING TO THROW 'EM OFF THE TRAIL!

THAT I DON'T LIKE—HAVE YOU GOT ANY IDEAS?



SURE, AN' IT'S A NATURAL CASEY, YOU BEEN WITH US QUITE A WHILE, AND WE ALWAYS LEVELED WITH YOU, RIGHT? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PICK UP FIVE GRAND, FAST?

CAN A DUCK SWIM? BUT KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! MY GRANDMOTHER'S IN BED INSIDE, LAID UP SICK! WHAT'S YOUR GIMMICK?

WE'LL THROW THE COPS OFF THE TRAIL! WE SEND IN A PONEY TIP THAT YOU BUMPED OFF STAGG! THEY PICK YOU UP, AND YOU COVER US ON YOUR ALIBI! WHEN THEY FIND YOU WEREN'T UPSTATE, THEY THROW THE CASE OUT, AND WE'RE IN THE CLEAR WITH YOU! REMEMBER, WE NEVER LEFT BROOKLYN!

THAT SOUNDS OKAY—I COULD USE THE FIVE G'S! OKAY, I'LL GO ALONG ON IT!



THE PLAN WORKED LIKE A CHARM! "HAPPY" PHONED IN THE TIP—THE COPS PICKED ROD CASEY UP, AND "HAPPY" BAILED HIM OUT FOR TEN GRAND!

Y, SEE, ROD, IT'S JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU—YOU'RE OUT ON BAIL, WHILE THEY'RE TRYIN' TO SCRATCH UP EVIDENCE THAT AIN'T THERE! IT'LL BE THROWN OUT IN A FEW WEEKS!

AM I COMPLAININ' BUT WHEN DO I COLLECT THE FIVE G'S?



# CRIME DOES NOT PAY





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IT WAS AN IDEA! YOU CAN'T BLAME VITO FOR TRYING, AND IT ALMOST WORKED! WITNESS AFTER WITNESS WAS INTIMIDATED! THEY SWORE "HAPPY" AND HIS BOYS WERE AT THE OLD WOMAN'S BEDSIDE, BUT THE STATE CAME UP WITH A SURPRISE KEY WITNESS!

MR. KRANDELL YOU WERE THE MORTICIAN AT MRS. CASEY'S FUNERAL, AND YOU WERE AT HER BEDSIDE ALL EVENING BEFORE SHE DIED! WERE THE DEFENDANTS PRESENT, AS HAS BEEN TESTIFIED?

NO! THEY WERE NEVER THERE THAT EVENING! THE OTHER PEOPLE WHO TESTIFIED WERE OBVIOUSLY INTIMIDATED! THEY TRIED TO GET TO ME, TOO, BUT I DON'T SCARE EASY!

THAT DID IT! "HAPPY" DASHER AND VITO WERE COOKED GEESE, AND LEPKE WAS GETTING WARM IN THE SADDLE!

THAT FATSO, VITO MARINO, IS STILL LOOSE—HE JUMPED BAIL! IF HE EVER TALKS, WE'RE SUNK! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM—FAST!

THIS HIDING IS DRIVING ME NUTS! I KNOW LEPKE'S BOYS ARE GUNNIN' TO GET ME! I'LL GIVE MYSELF UP! IF I PLAY BALL WITH THE COPS, I STAND A CHANCE OF GETTIN' OFF WITH LIFE! I'M GONNA DO IT!



IF YOU'RE SURE THIS IS STRAIGHT DOPE, MARINO, WE'VE GOT ENOUGH HERE TO FRY YOUR TWO PALS AND START A CASE AGAINST LEPKE AND GURRAH!

YEAH, IT'S ALL STRAIGHT! I WON'T DIE, WILL I? YOU'LL GIVE ME LIFE, WON'T YOU?

IT AIN'T UP TO US, YOU YELLOW RAT! MAYBE YOU'LL GET LIFE, MAYBE NOT!

THAT DIRTY, FAT SLOB SANG, AND CINCHED IT FOR US! WE'RE GONNA FRY TONIGHT!

I DON'T GET IT, DASHER—WHY DIDN'T LEPKE HELP US? I WAS HIS PAL—HE DIDN'T EVEN LIFT A FINGER FOR US!

YOUR PAL, HA! I TOLD YA WE WERE JUST SMALL-TIMERS! THEM BIG SHOTS ARE ALL THE SAME—THEY'RE OKAY ONLY WHEN THEY NEED YOU—BUT THEY'RE ONLY LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE! THERE'S YOUR BIG HERO FOR YA, MR. LITTLE LEPKE—HA, HA, WOTTA LAUGH!

SHUT UP! SHUT UP, YA BIG WIND! WHAT'S THE JOKE? I'LL TELL YA THE BIG JOKE—WE'RE GONNA DIE, STUPID, Y'HEAR? WE'RE GONNA DIE!!



HA, HA, HA, HA! IT SURE IS A JOKE, "HAPPY" ONLY YOU NEVER HAD A SENSE OF HUMOR! I CAN SEE THE JOKE, ALL RIGHT—SURE, IT MAKES ME LAUGH, EVERY TIME I SEE A STUPID PUNK LIKE YOU MAKING A HERO OUT OF A NO-GOOD GORILLA LIKE LEPKE! I'VE SEEN THEM ALL, AND I KNOW—THEY'RE NO BETTER THAN YOU, AND IN THE END, THEY ALL SHOW WHAT YELLOW PUNKS THEY REALLY ARE—EVEN YOUR "HERO" LEPKE—SURE, IT'S FUNNY!

...AND THE FUNNEST TWIST OF ALL CAME AT THE VERY END—YOU SEE, NOT ONLY DID YOU LIVE LIKE LEPKE, BUT YOU WOUND UP DYING LIKE HIM! FOR VITO'S SQUEALING HELPED SEND HIM TO THE SAME CHAIR YOU FRIED IN—FUNNY, ISN'T IT? HA, HA, HA—IT'S ABSOLUTELY KILLING!

YES, "HAPPY" ALL MY PUPILS END UP THE SAME WAY, FOR NO MATTER HOW TOUGH OR SMART YOU TRY TO BE, YOU'RE NOT TOUGH ENOUGH TO CRACK THE WALL OF SOCIETY'S LAWS! IT'LL CAVE IN ON YOU EVENTUALLY—AND YOU NEVER ONCE ARE SMART ENOUGH TO LEARN THE SIMPLE TRUTH YOU'VE HEARD A THOUSAND TIMES—THE SIMPLEST OF ALL TRUTHS, THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!



THE END